

JUSTIN GREEN'S

Show + Tell

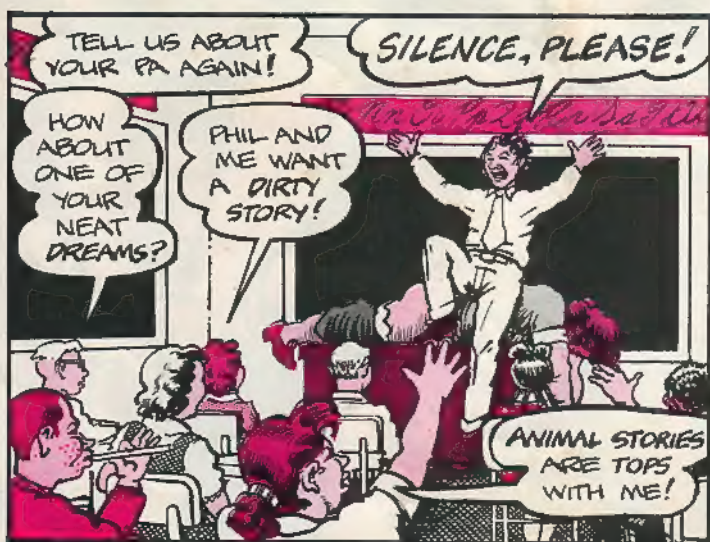
COMICS

50¢

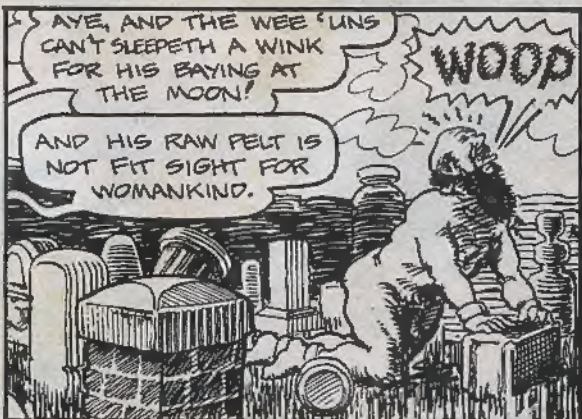
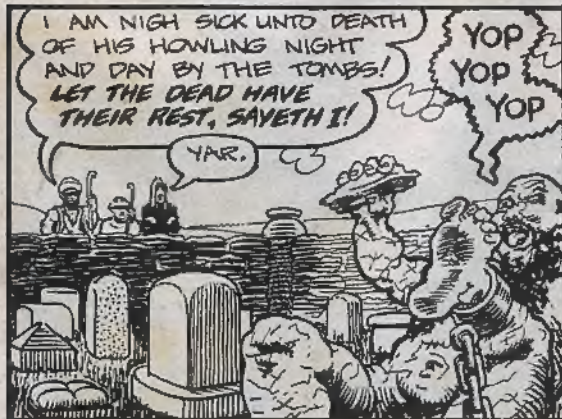
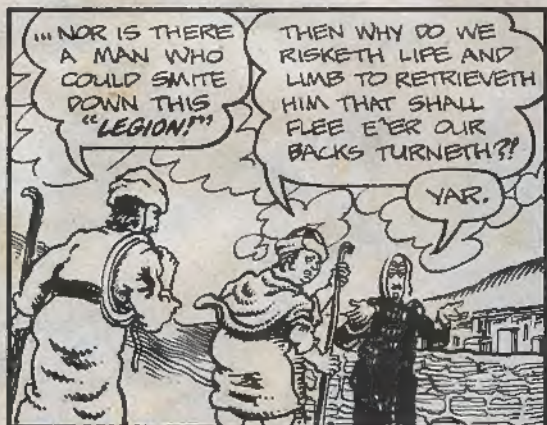
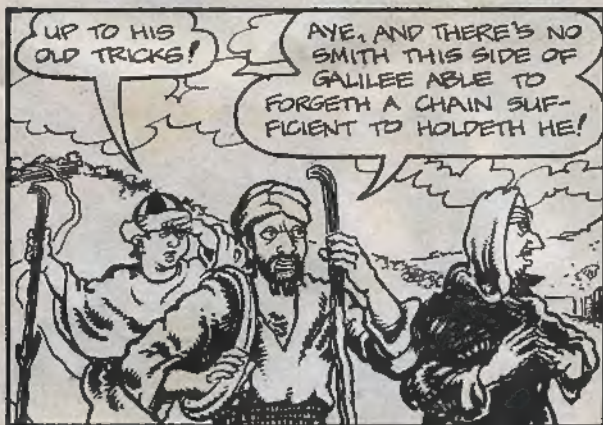
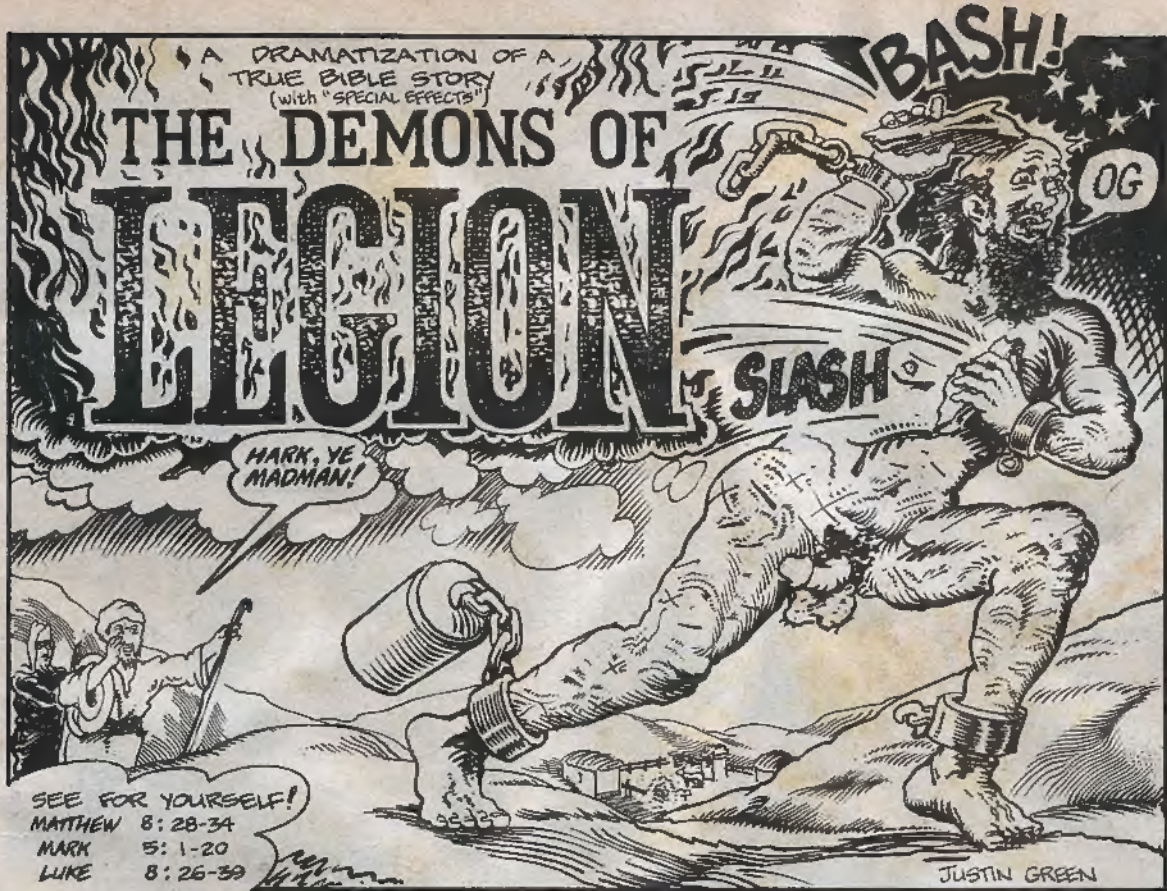
PRINT MINT



FORWARD

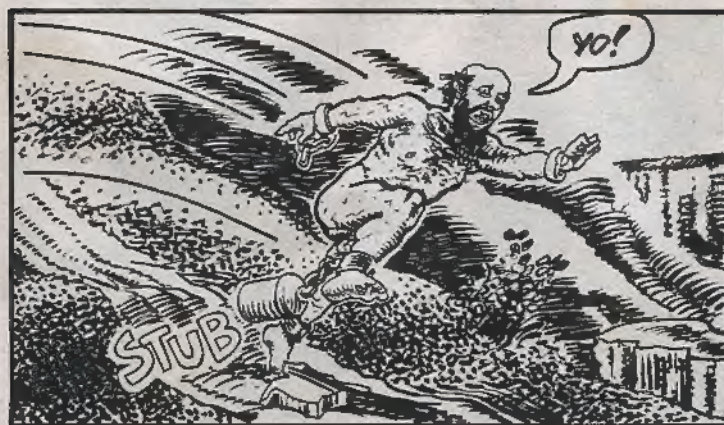


SHOW + TELL, © 1973 BY JUSTIN GREEN. PUBLISHED BY THE PRINT-MINT, 830 FOLGER AVE., BERKELEY, CA 94710. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN ANY CONTEXT WITHOUT A NOTE FROM ME. I'M GOING TO EAT A HALF-CUP O' SUNFLOWER SEEDS EVERYDAY FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, AND I SUGGEST YOU DO LIKEWISE.





MEANWHILE, OUR LORD WAS DISEMBARKING NEARBY







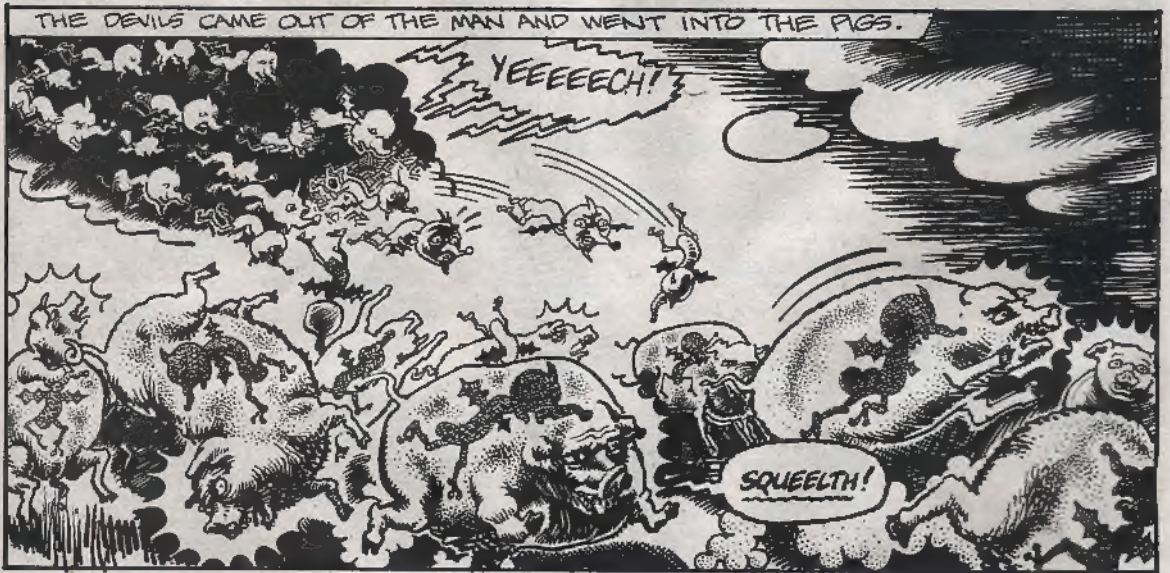
THE DEMONS BEG FOR THEIR SAFETY THROUGH LEGION



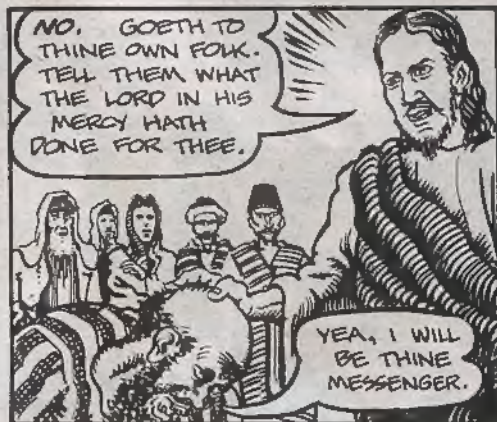
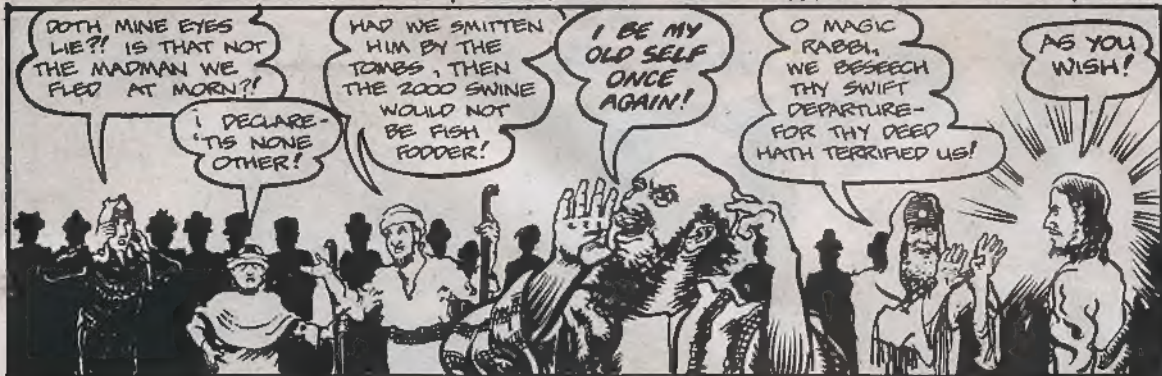
IN OTHER WORDS: "PLEASE DO NOT SEND US BACK TO THE FIERY LAKE WHERE SOMEDAY WE'LL HAVE TO DWELL FOR ETERNITY. IF YOU'RE GONNA EXORCISE OUR FLOPHOUSE, AT LEAST GIVE US ANOTHER!"

NOW THERE HAPPENED TO BE A LARGE HERD OF PIGS FEEDING ON THE HILLSIDE, AND THE SPIRITS BEGGED HIM, "SEND US AMONG THE PIGS! LET US GO INTO THEM!"



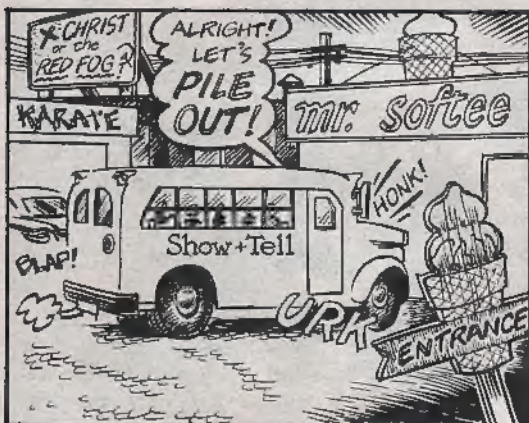


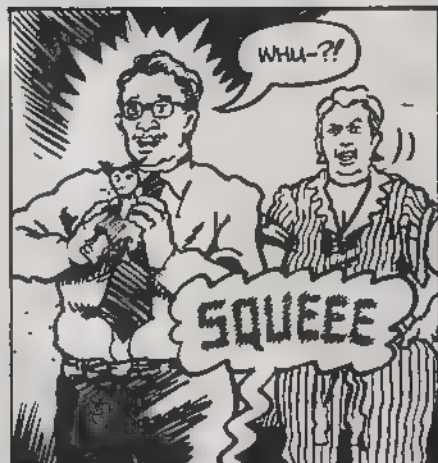
THE LOCAL RESIDENTS HEARD ABOUT THE STAMPEDE AND THE MADMAN'S SUDDEN CURE.
FEARING FURTHER CALAMITIES, THEY BEGGED JESUS TO LEAVE THEIR DISTRICT, PRONTO.

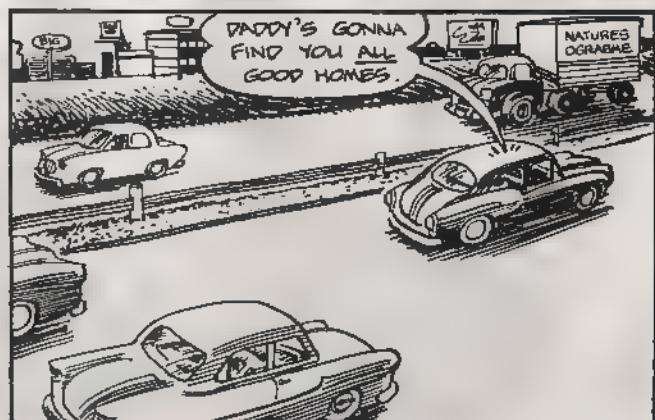
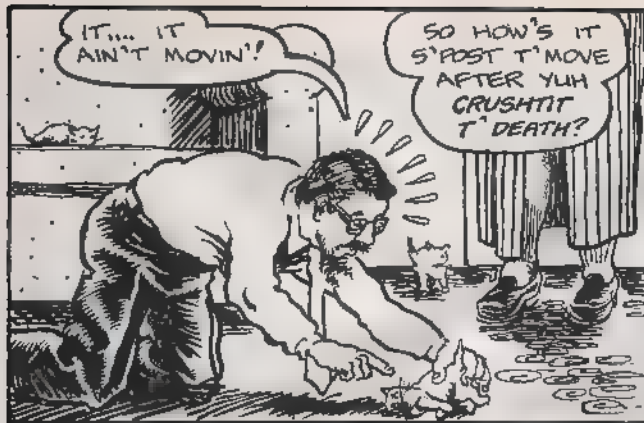


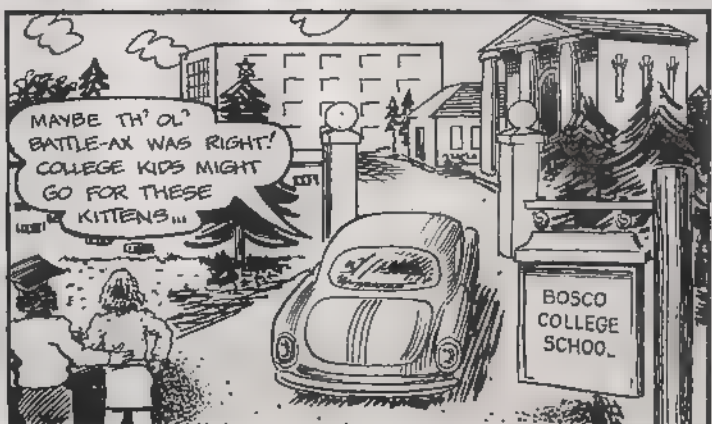
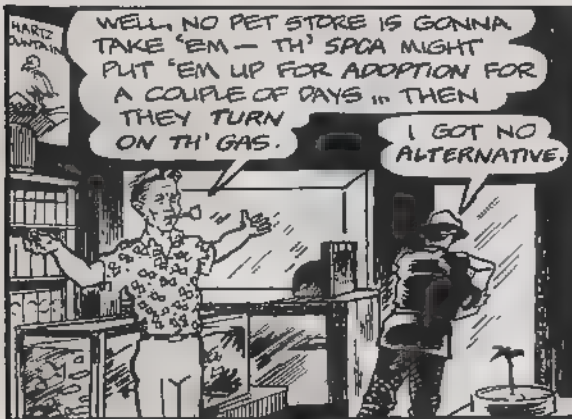
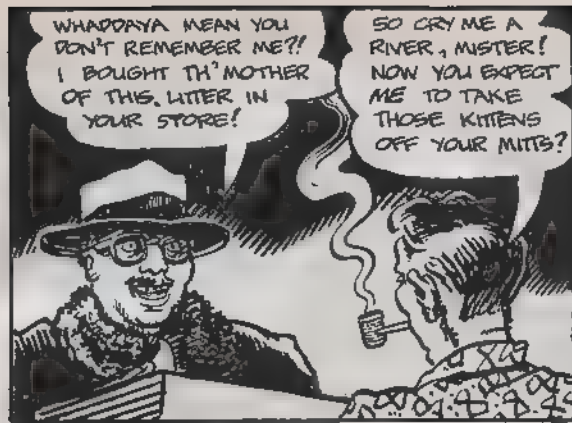
AND SO...

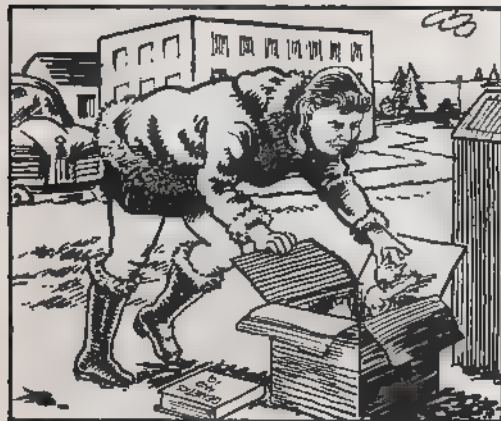




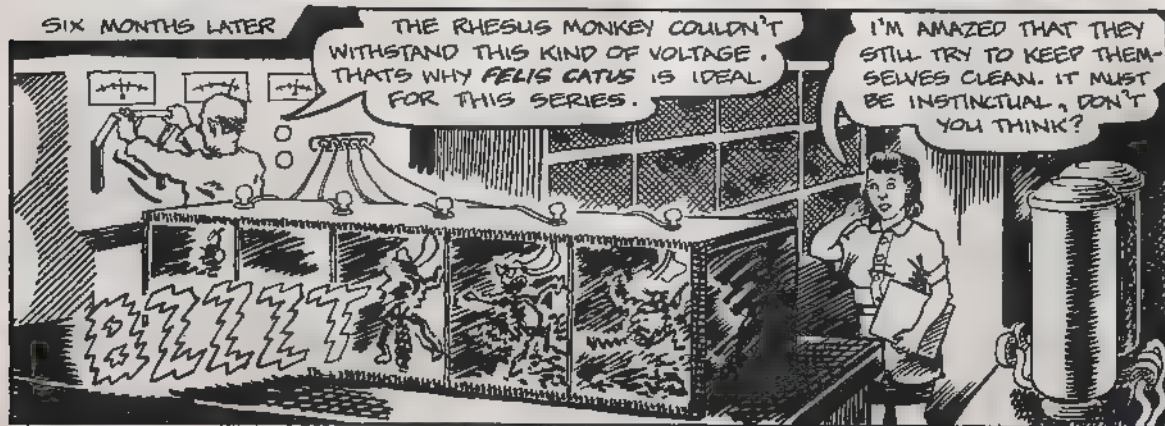
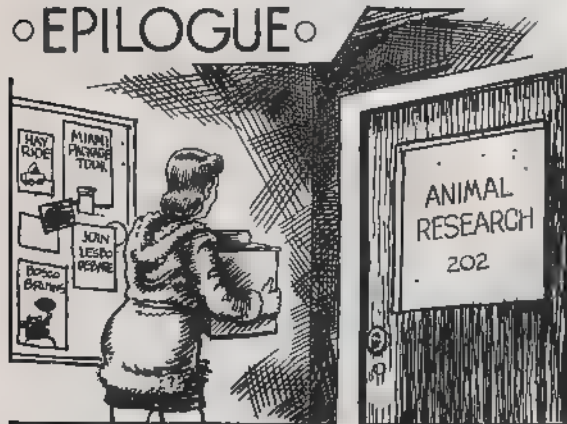


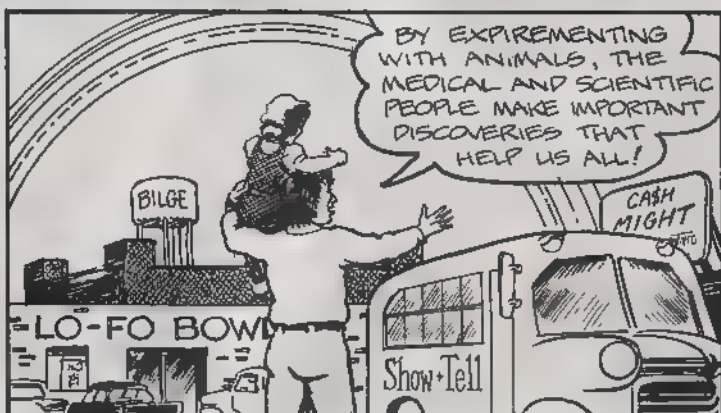
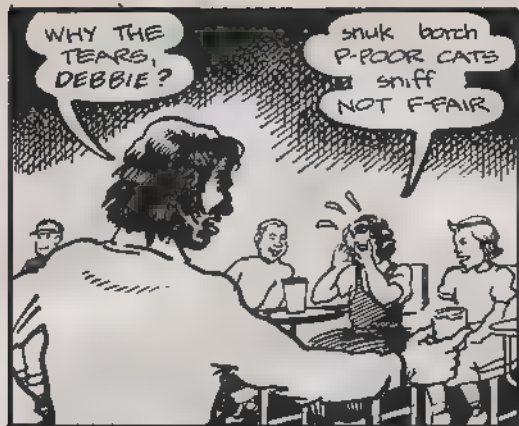


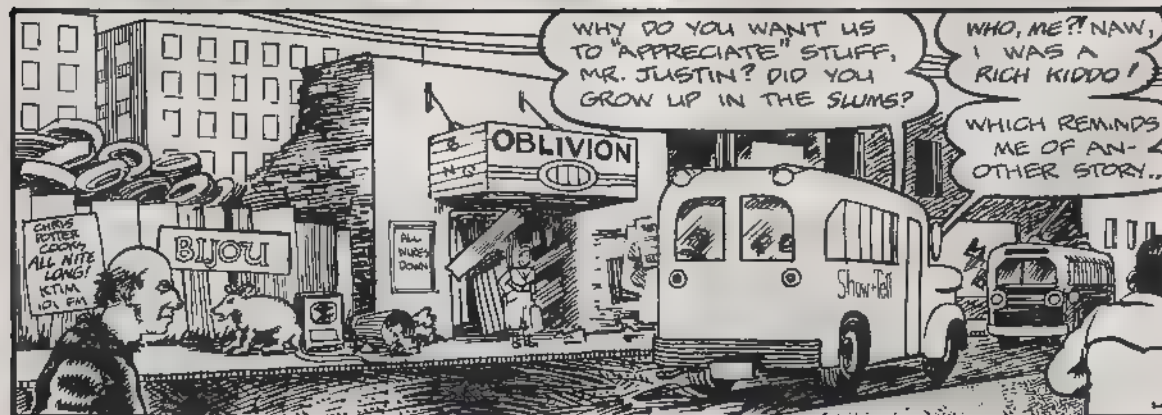
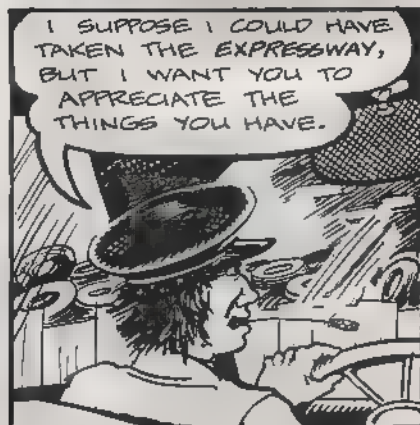




◦EPILOGUE◦







SINCE I'VE BEEN TELLING THIS ONE FOR YEARS IT'S PART OF THE OFFICIAL

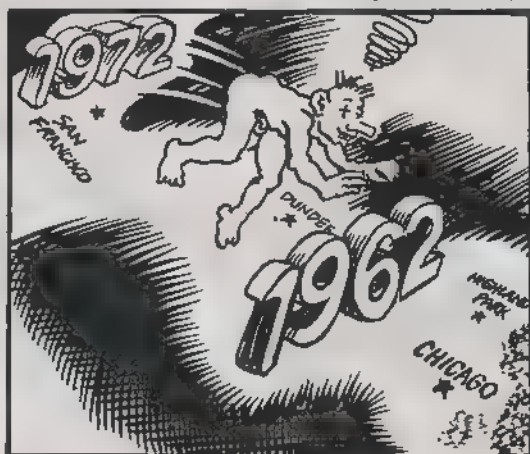
THEATER OF CRUELTY

IT CHANGES SLIGHTLY EVERY TIME I TELL IT, BUT IT'S STILL CALLED

"TUT"



LIKE ALL THEATER OF CRUELTY EPISODES, THIS IS A SEMI-LITERAL RETELLING OF AN EMBARRASSING EVENT FROM MY YOUNG MANHOOD...



IF ONLY I KNEW I WAS GOD, THEN I NEVER WOULD 'VE GOT INTO THIS MESS...



THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY,
IN SPIKE OF OURSELVES...



THE RESTAURANT MANAGER
GAVE US A BRIEFING.



HOWEVER, THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION
SOON SOBERIZED US.



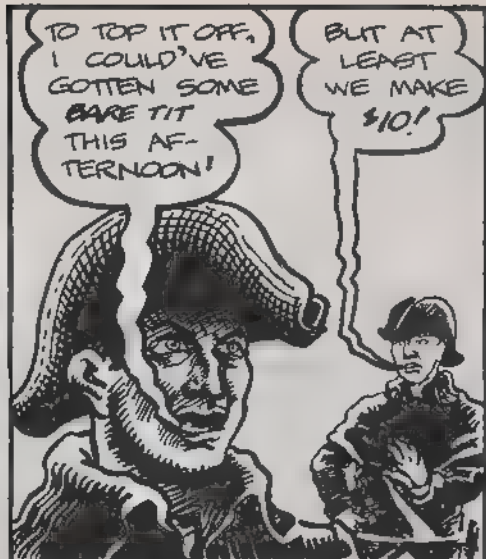
DISSENSION IN THE RANKS



THIS SCENE SUCKS!

YEAH! THESE PEOPLE ARE A BUNCH A PHONIES!

GROAN: I CALLED SOME ASSHOLE "SIR!"



TO TOP IT OFF, I COULD'VE GOTTEN SOME BARE TIT THIS AFTERNOON!

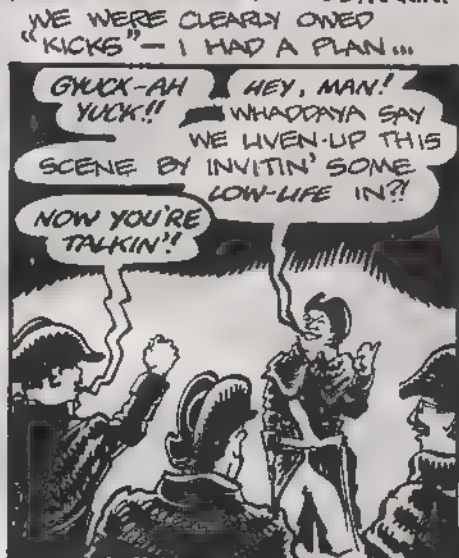
BUT AT LEAST WE MAKE \$10!

IF YOU DIG THIS SORT OF STUFF, SEE 'AMERICAN GRAFFITI'; MUSIC CO-ORDINATED BY MY SIS, KARIN!



SO FUCK TH' TEN! WHAT ABOUT KICKS?!

MUNZO, OL' BUDDY— YOU SPEAK TRUTH!



GLUCK-AH YUCK!!

HEY, MAN! WHADDYA SAY WE LIVEN-UP THIS SCENE BY INVITIN' SOME LOW-LIFE IN?!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!

SINCE WE WERE IN THE RITZIEST PART OF TOWN, BUMS WERE RARE AS HENRY J'S, "KING TUT" HAD GRANDIOSE ILLUSIONS, THOUGH...



OH! SO YOU'RE A DESCENDANT OF KING TUT?!

THAT'S RIGHT, SONNY! I'VE GOT GOOD EVIDENCE!



SAY- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOME FREE FOOD AND DRINKS?

ilio

WHAT'S TH' CATCH?

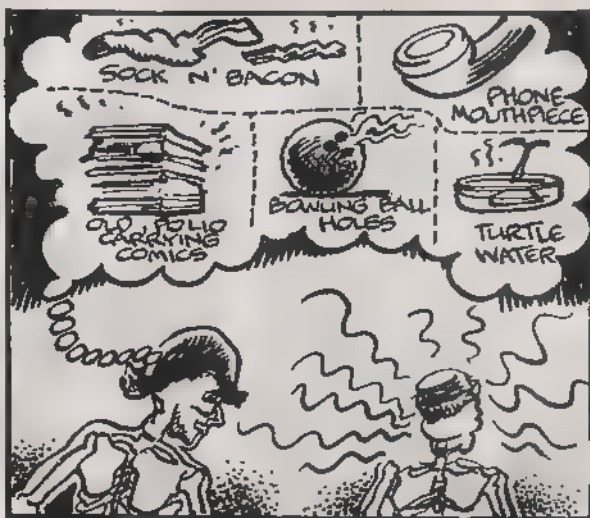
HEY- WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TONITE?



TUT MADE A BEE-LINE FOR THE LAVISH HORS D'OEUVRE TRAY.

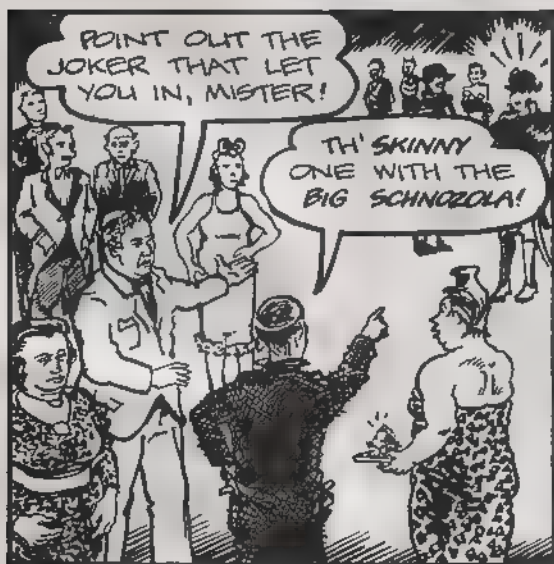


THE POOR GUN GAVE OFF A PLUNGENT AROMA THAT WAS HARD TO PINPOINT.

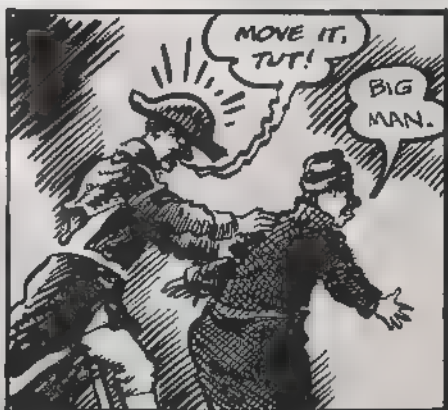


A FEW MARTINIS LOOSENED HIS TONGUE.

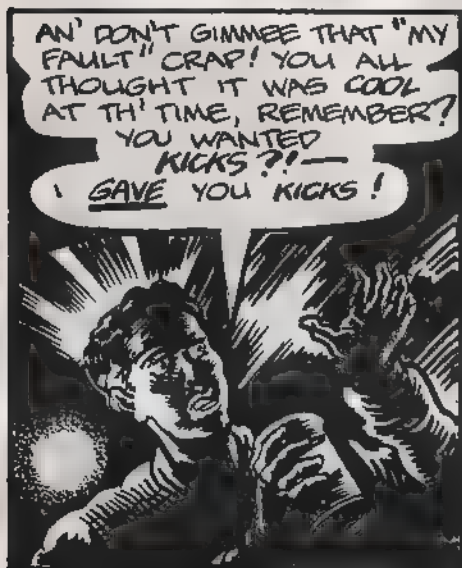




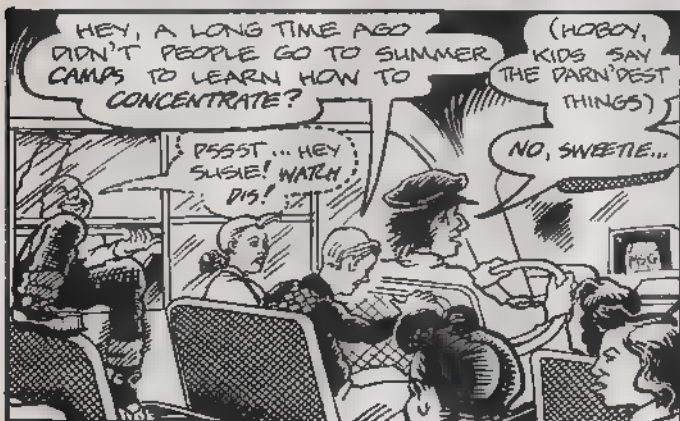
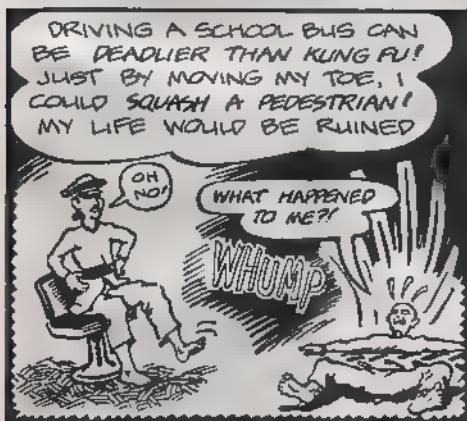
INCIDENTALLY, TUT WAS THE FIRST ADULT
I EVER PUSHED AROUND.



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW, EHT! MAKING
A HUNGRY MAN SCAPEGOAT IN A
MALICIOUS DIVERSION IS A NO-NO.
WELL~ AS WE SHALL SEE, THERE
IS A LAW... THE OL' COSMIC FIT
FOR TAT ... THE LAW OF KARMA!



"YOU SHOULDN'T LET OTHER PEOPLE GET YOUR KICKS FOR YOU."

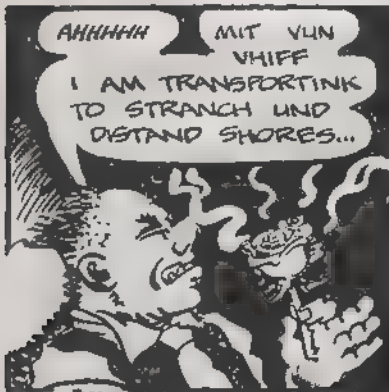
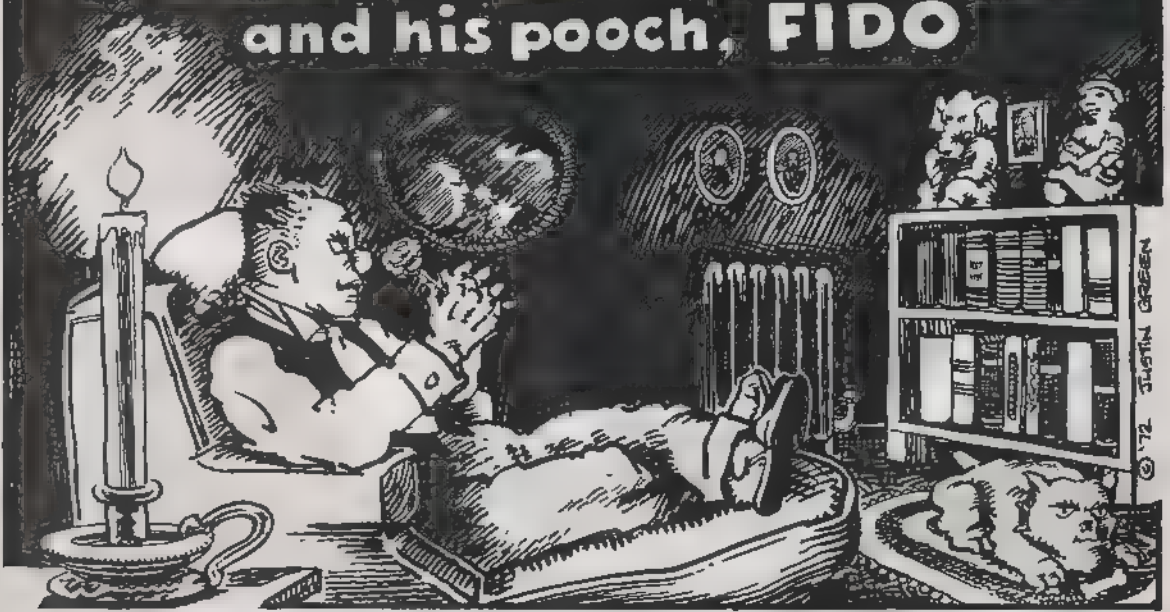


Meditations on a Rose

with Herr

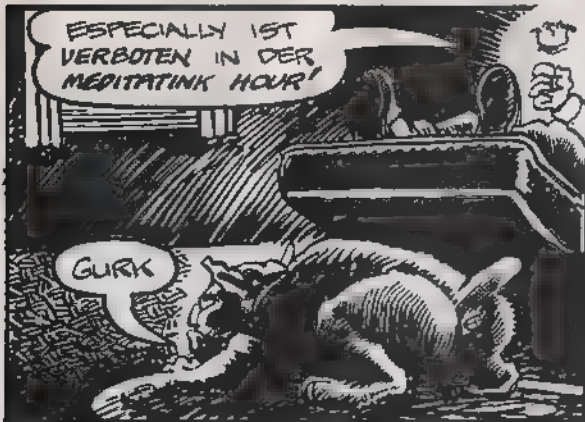
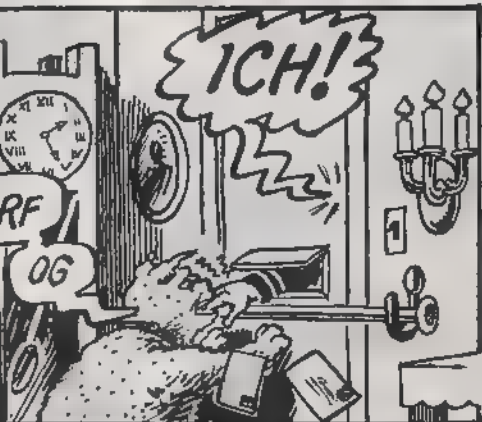
SCHTUPENPOOF

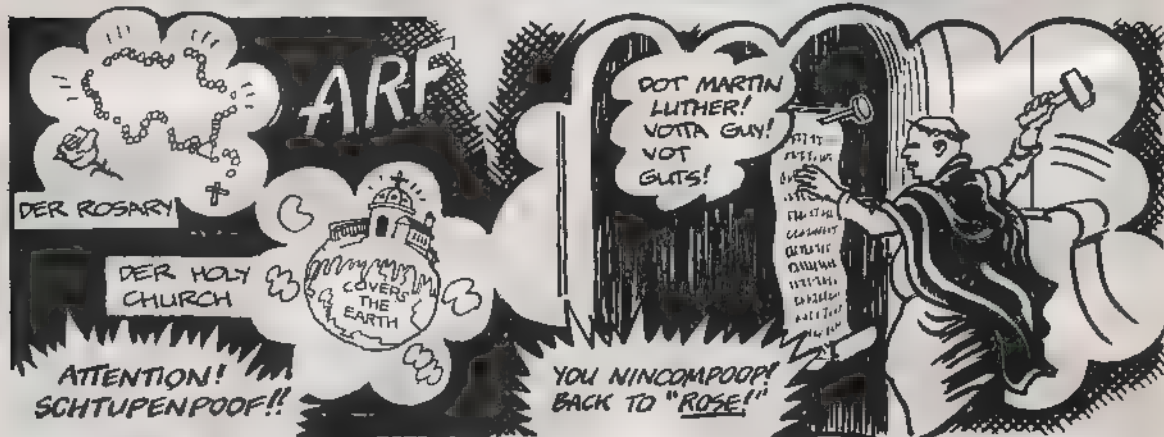
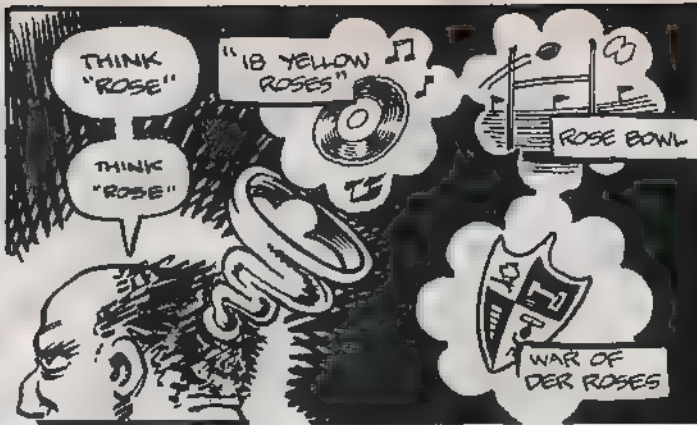
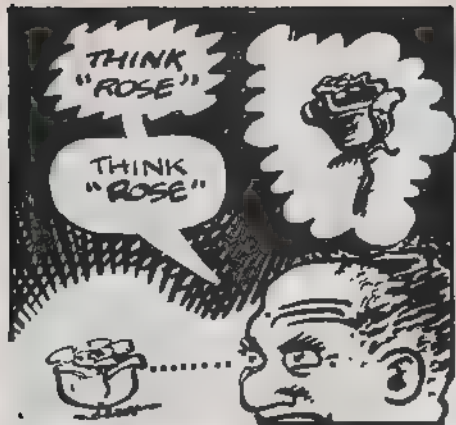
and his pooch, FIDO



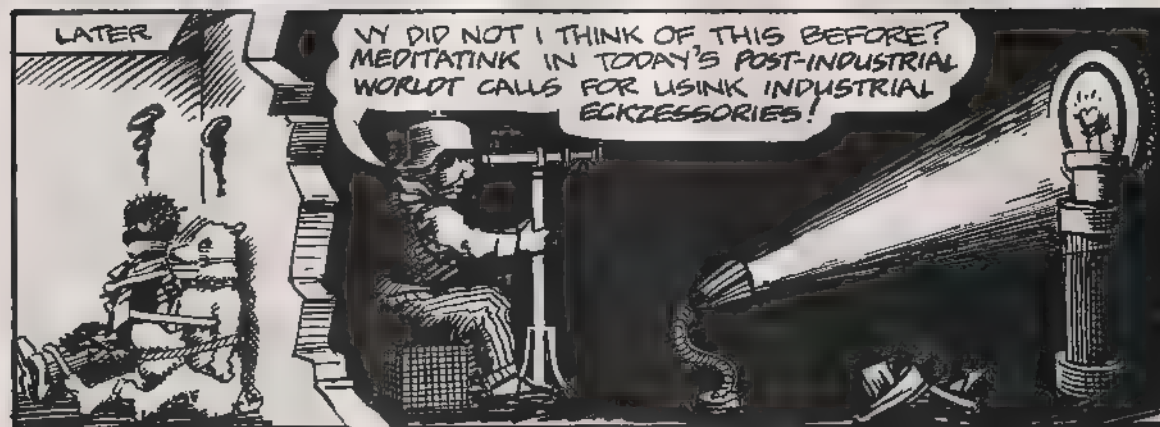
IS DER SENSES
CHUUST OPENINKS
TO DER BODY
UND NOT DER
SOUL?
(SNIFF SNIFF)

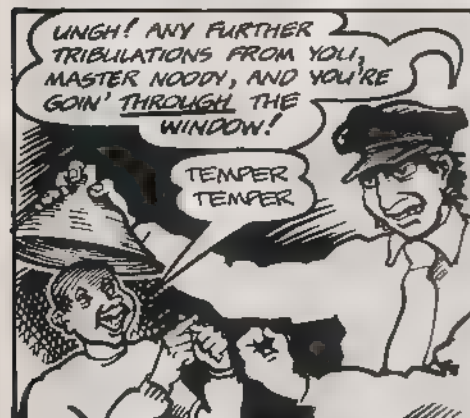
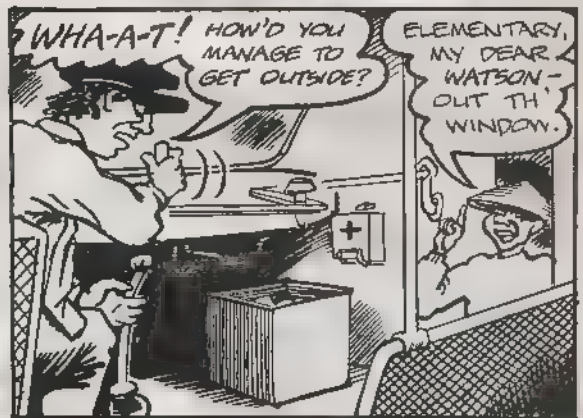
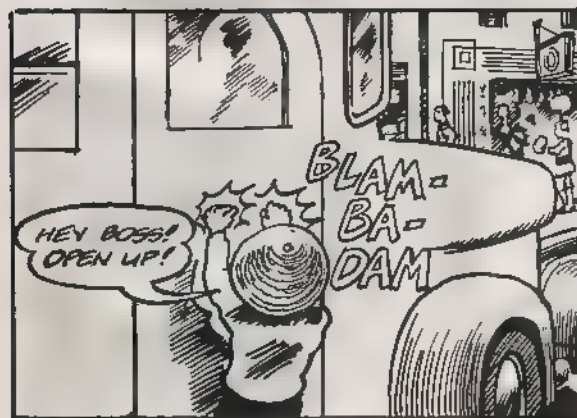
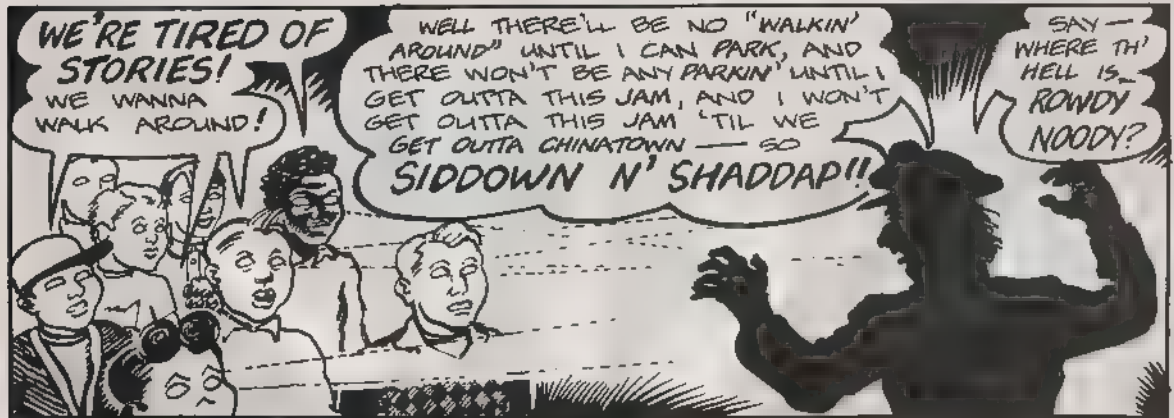
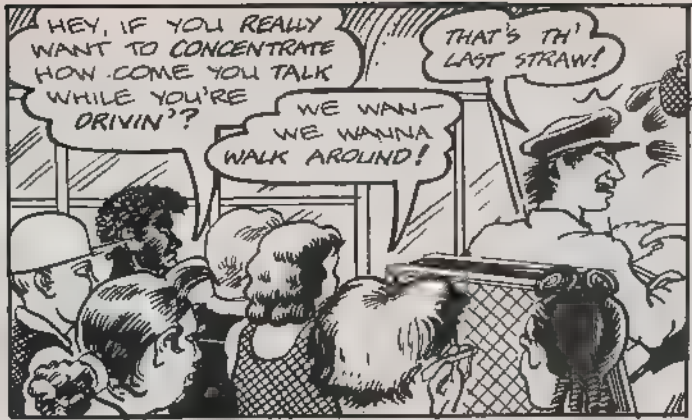


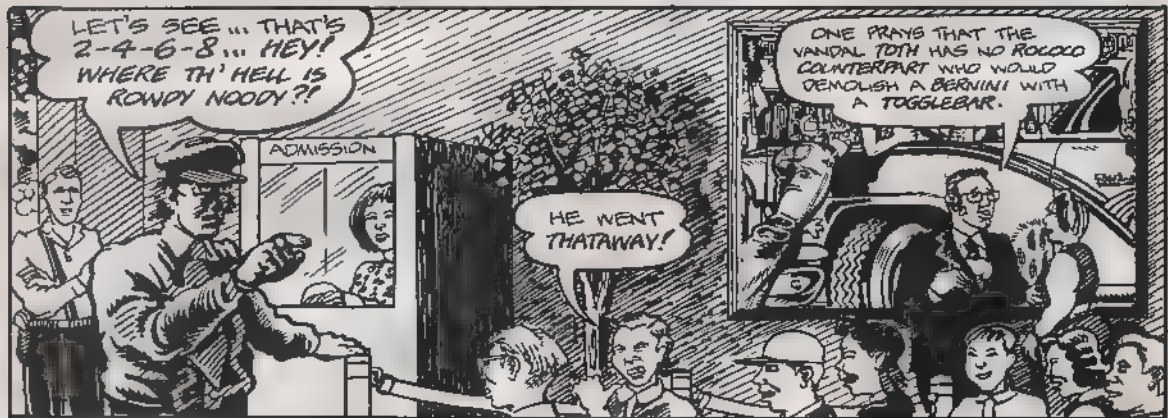
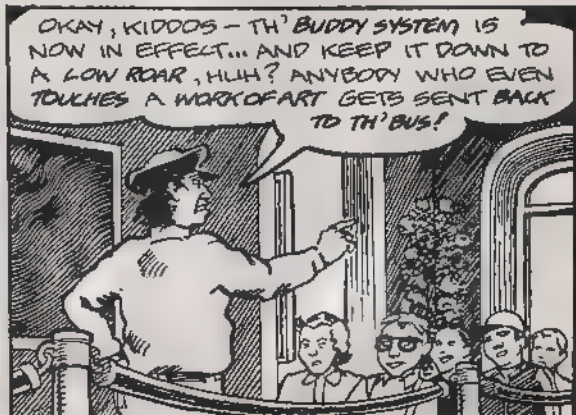
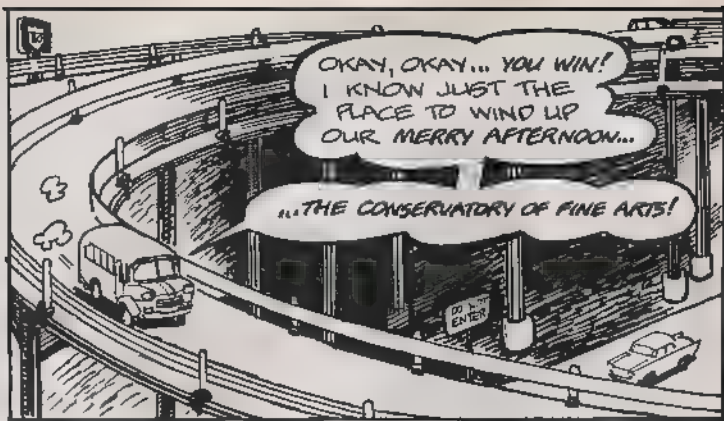


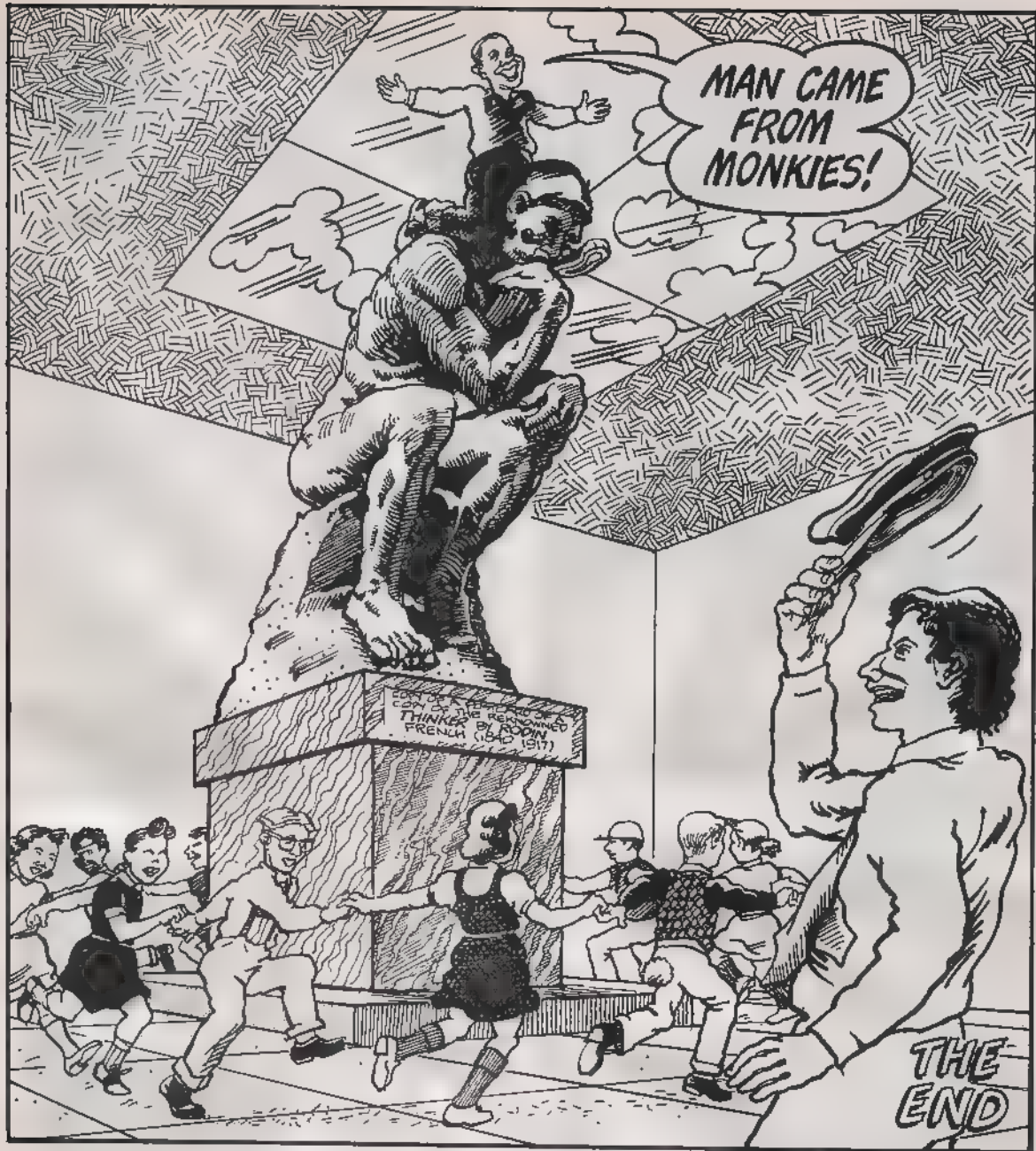






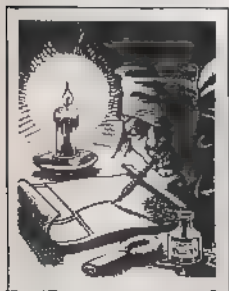






(ADVERTISEMENT)

JUST A FEW LEFT

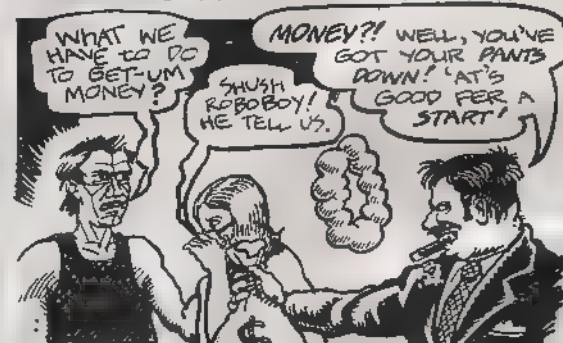
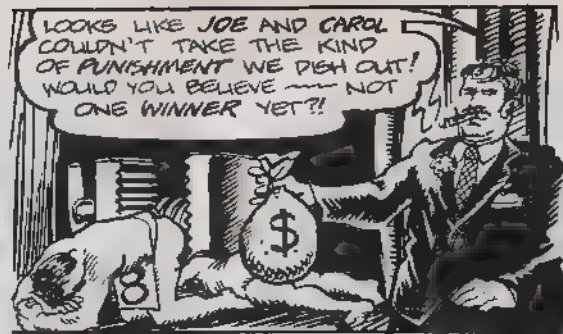
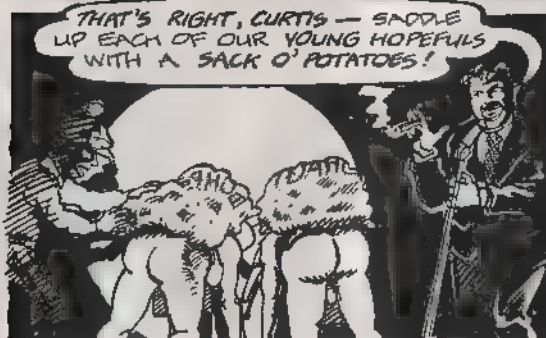
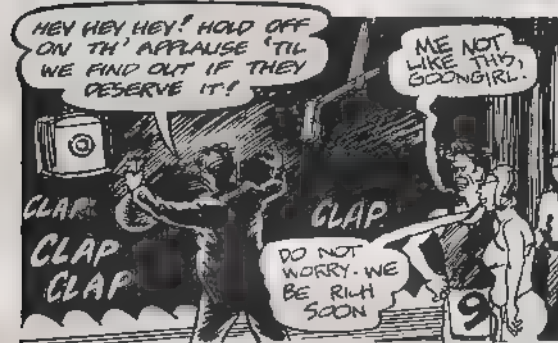
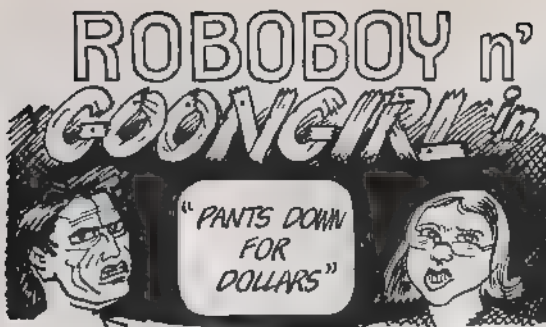


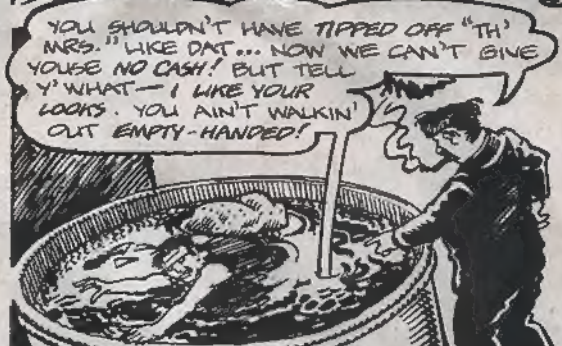
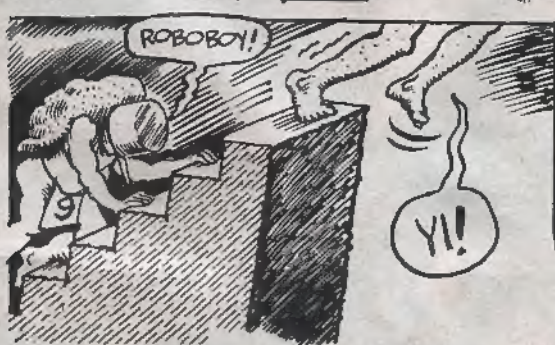
YES, AS WE APPROACH THE END OF THIS FINE COMIC, THERE ARE JUST A FEW PANELS LEFT. BUT SERIOUSLY, READERS — HAVE YOU EVER READ MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY, "BINKY BROWN MEETS THE HOLY VIRGIN MARY?" THIS 40 PAGE BLOCKBUSTER CHRONICLES THE DEVELOPMENT OF A COMPULSIVE NEUROSIS AND PROBS THE INCONSISTENCIES UNDERLYING CATHOLICISM (IN EASY-TO-UNDERSTAND COMIC-BOOK FORM.) THERE'S NO REASON TO WRITE TO LAST-GASP EEO-FUNNIES TO SECURE A COPY WHEN I WILL PERSONALLY MAIL YOU AN AUTOGRAPHED ONE (OR ADDITIONAL COPIES OF SHOW+TELL, FOR THAT MATTER). JUST SEND 65¢ TO ME FOR EACH COPY. \$5 BOX 40051, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF 94140

thank you.

AND NOW... A
Show + Tell
ENCORE SPECIAL!

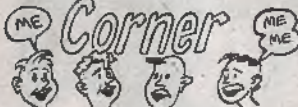






☆ BOYS AND GIRLS IN S.F. AREA... WATCH FOR ROBOBOY N' GOONGIRL ON REAL T.V ☆
ATTENTION: JUST PLAIN "GOONGIRL" NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE ORIGINAL "GRETA THE GOON-GIRL."

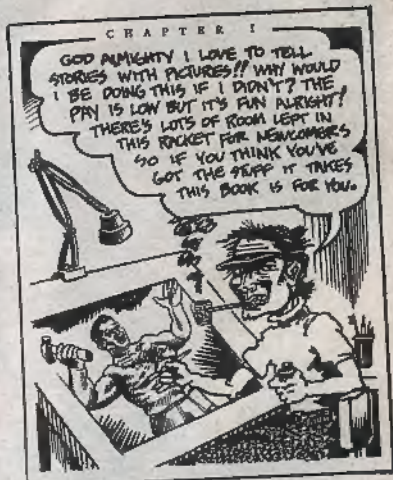
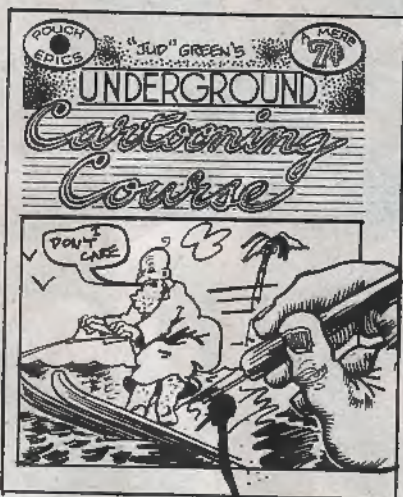
Collector's Corner



NO NEED TO SQUANDER YOUR FATHER'S CASH ON COSTLY PIRATE EDITIONS OF MY FAMOUS CARTOONING COURSE. HERE IT IS, BOYS... REPRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS ENTIRETY!

JUST REMEMBER, THOUGH—WHAT YOU PUT INTO IT IS WHAT YOU'LL GET OUT OF IT.

Just



CHAPTER II

LETTERING

THE FIRST THING THE ROOKIE CARTONIST SHOULD DO IS TO BONE-UP ON HIS LETTERING. IT'S DAMN IMPORTANT. NOTICE THAT THE "O" IN "UNDERGROUND" ON THE COVER IS TED BIG. COMPARE THE PANELS BELOW. NOTICE HOW IMAGINATIVE LETTERING CAN CHANGE THE WHOLE CONTENT OF A BALLOON. BALLOONS ARE DAMN IMPORTANT, TOO!



THE BEST HAND-LETTERING THESE DAYS IS ON CANDY-BARS. SEE FOR YOURSELF. BY THE WAY, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO LETTER AS WELL AS I DO WITHOUT HAVING A GREEN PLASTIC EYE-SHADE AVAILABLE FROM P.O. BOX 40631, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94114 FOR \$4.95.

CHAPTER III

YOUR STUDIO

NORTHERN LIGHT IS A MIGHTY EVEN "NIGHT" HAWK'S NEED EXPOSURE. HERE'S WHY: YOUR PINHEAD GLAND, OR THIRD EYE, JUST OVER YOUR NOSE, RECEIVES MAGNETIC ENERGY FROM THE TRUE NORTH POLE. GUNS OFFERS THE LEAST RESISTANCE TO THESE SWIRLY RAYS, WHILE BRICK BLOCKS THEM OUT ALMOST ENTIRELY.



AERIAL VIEW OF THE IDEAL STUDIO

CONCRETE ROOM DIVIDER COVERED WITH ALUMINUM FOIL REFLECTS ENERGIZING RAYS.



CHAPTER IV

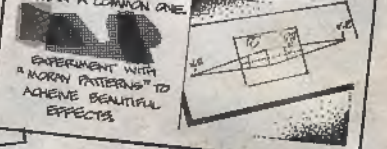
DO'S AND DON'T'S

DO'S
DON'T EVER FORCE YOURSELF TO WORK. PEESE OUT OF IDEAS? A HARUUNNA SMOKE IS USUALLY THE "OPEN SESAME" TO CREATIVE CARTOONING.

DON'T'S
DON'T YOU EVER FORCE PERSPECTIVE! IF NEED BE, THREDD PROJECTION RAYS CAN BE EXTENDED ACROSS A ROOM TO THUMBTRACK V.E.'S

DO'S
CHANCES ARE, THE PUBLIC WILL REMEMBER A LARGE, FLAMBOYANT SIGNATURE MORE EASILY THAN A COMMON ONE.

DON'T'S
EXPERIMENT WITH "MORNY PATTERNS" TO ACHIEVE BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS.



CHAPTER V

TRADE SECRETS

FOUL LANGUAGE MAY ADD PEP TO A WHEEK STORY.

YOUR AUDIENCE CRAVES RELEVANT, SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE GAGS.

WHY YOU BIG FUCKER! I'M GUNNA TO KICK THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!

WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME HOW TO LOVE TO SHIT ON THE PUNK'S FACE?

SOMETIMES A SOLEEN FOOT STICKS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB.

ONCE A YEAR OR SO THE "CLOSET-BIBS DEUCE" CAN BE USED WITH INFINITY.

BETTER YOU SHOULD PINK IT.

WHY SHOUT?



CHAPTER VI

SEEKING THE PROS

LOOK—YOU'RE BOUND TO GET DISCOURAGED ONCE IN AWHILE, BUT IF YOU LIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO, YOU'RE IN LUCK—THIS IS WHERE MOST OF THESE FREEWHEELING CARTONISTS GIVE YOU ADVICE AND TO LISTEN TO ANY CRITICISM YOU MIGHT HAVE ABOUT THEIR WORK. EARLY "CRASH" AT ANY OF THEIR "PAGES."

IN MY NAME IS ARNOLD, MAY I CRASH HERE WITH I GET TO SEE ROBERT CRUMB?

WHY SHOUT?

GARY ARNOLD, WHO RUNS THE LEGENDARY S.F. COMIC BOOK COMPANY, WILL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER OF ANY OF 'EM.



SOLAR LAFFCASTER

CUT OUT THIS GADGE BELOW. GO OUTSIDE IN THE SUN, THEN STICK YOUR FINGER THRU THE CENTER, KEEPING THE "N" AT TRUE NORTH. NOTICE THAT A SHADON WILL FALL ACROSS A MAJOR UNDERGROUND SOURCE OF COMIC MATTER. IF STILL STYMIED FOR A HUMOROUS IDEA, TRY GOING OUTSIDE IN A FEW HOURS, AS THE ILLUSTRIOUS ONE YOUNG SAID ONCE, "A GOOD IDEA WILL USUALLY DRAW ITSELF."



JUSTIN GREEN



